

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

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Office on the West side of the Public Square.

THE POST.

Athens, Friday, Dec. 26, 1851.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 13.—The Kossuth resolution passed the Senate last evening by a vote of thirty three to six, as I informed you by telegraph.

It passed in the form proposed by Mr. Seward, as a joint resolution of Congress, welcoming Kossuth to the Capitol and the country.

A debate sprung up in the House the other day, upon the policy of the grants of public lands to the new States for their Rail Roads. This policy is now so well established that it will be difficult to resist it. Large grants will be made this session, it is supposed. The old States, by way of receiving a due share in the benefits of the public domain, may possibly combine their influence in favor of some grants for their own improvements.

Next week Mr. Foote will, as he has given notice, urge his compromise resolutions. He considers that their practical effect is nothing more than to declare that the fugitive slave law shall be faithfully executed. He is to leave his seat soon, and is desirous of securing the passage of the resolutions before he retires. He stated, however, in the discussion, that he expected to be sent back to the Senate by his Union Legislature next winter.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we heard nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; we cannot sail upon a summer coast forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and a steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses all the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts; let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that the "golden age" will become no fiction, and islands of the blessed bloom in more than "Hyperborean beauty."

The St. Louis Intelligencer says that the work of laying the telegraph wire across the bed of the river at that place was successfully accomplished on the 4th instant. The wire was insulated in a thick casing of lead pipe, and laid safely along the bottom of the river, from one shore to the other. Heretofore it has been necessary to cross and recross the river in boats, which was attended with great inconvenience and delay.

The Lexington papers announce the death of Daniel Bradford, Esq., the oldest resident of that city, and well known for his early connection with the press of that place as editor and publisher.

THE ENGLISH FLAG HAULED DOWN.—On Wednesday a mob gathered about the Irving House, New York, from the dome of the United States flag, with that of the United States, Hungary and Turkey, was flying, and threatened if it was not taken down, that they would haul it down themselves. Mr. Howard, on hearing of this appropriation thus manifested, immediately had it taken down, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 13.

Mr. Foote's resolution confirming the Compromise will come up today, and Mr. Foote has but four working days left of the time which he had assigned for his continuance at his post in the Senate. He will press his proposition with his accustomed ardor, and endeavor to reach his great object—a vote on it by yeas and nays in full Senate. His purpose is, as he has stated in his remarks, to obtain a vote on the subject of the Fugitive Slave measure—to obtain a renewed pledge of the faithful execution of that act from Senators of the non-slaveholding States. That is the main object of his resolution, as he states, for he considers that the other adjustment measures have been carried into execution, and are beyond question. After Mr. Rhet and others shall have spoken, a motion will be made to lay the subject on the table, with doubtful success; for while there are many Senators who are opposed to reviving the question, or to recording their votes either in approval or condemnation of the Compromise measures, there are some also who covet the opportunity to give a vote directly against them, or for them.

The number of parties and interests represented in the Senate will afford a source of a flood of debates, for a long session, even should not new questions arise, to furnish a fresh supply of material. There are also three permanent candidates for the next Presidency in the Senate, Gen. Houston, Gen. Cass, and Judge Douglas, and also the representatives of at least five other candidates, and none of these will be sparing of words or of projects.

The rumor is revived, and with some plausibility, that Mr. Fillmore intends to withdraw himself, by some public declaration, from the Presidential contest, thus leaving his friends free to take up any other candidate who may represent their principles and interests.

The interests of commerce will receive, at this session, special attention from Congress. Several appropriations for deepening channels, and improving harbors, and removing obstructions from the navigation of rivers may be expected at this session. Mr. Corwin has not yet presented his Treasury report in consequence of indisposition.

The value of the Cotton exported during the last year, I stated the other day to have been ascertained by correct returns, to be \$12,500 per hundred pounds. I now find that the average cost was 12 16-100 cents a pound. The quantity was 2,003,567 bales, averaging 444 pounds a bale. The amount and cost do not exceed the first returns of the Collectors, which was thought to be exaggerated or erroneous. The amount of Cotton exported was, therefore, over \$111,000,000.

Mr. Clay was well enough to attend the Supreme Court on Friday, and on Monday he will, if his health permit, close the argument in an important Kentucky case, in which he is counsel.

The Christiana trials have resulted, as was expected, in the acquittal of those arraigned from the charge of treason; but they are to be tried by the State Courts on the charge of riot and murder. It is quite necessary that the laws of the United States defining crimes intended to be made punishable, and prescribing the punishment to be inflicted, should be revised and perfected. The President urgently recommends this in his message.—Cor. Char. Cour.

BOSTON, DEC. 11.

TERRIBLE MURDER.—An insane man, named Carrigan, living seven miles from St. John, N. B., murdered his wife, two children and aunt, and dangerously, if not fatally, wounded four other persons. He called the family to prayers and then commenced the horrid butchery—killing his wife first. His youngest child he placed on the table and severed its head from its body. He then escaped to the woods, and was badly frozen when taken.

INDEPENDENCE, MO., DEC. 16.

Mr. H. W. Reynolds and company arrived from Santa Fe en route for Washington city. No news of importance or interest from Mexico. The weather on the plains was intensely cold. Reynolds' party encountered no less than twenty snow-storms on the way, which were very fatal to their animals. Numbers of Government animals were lost. The thermometer here yesterday morning was 10 degrees below zero. This morning 12 degrees below zero. Missouri river completely blocked up with ice and navigation suspended.

A letter from Washington to the New York Commercial says:—"I learn that Mr. R. J. Walker is to return from Europe without obtaining his proposed loan of fifteen millions."

A man was sent to the penitentiary for two years in Mississippi, the other day, for stealing thirty cents' worth of wood.

HENRY CLAY'S HEALTH.—THE FUTURE

—Horace Greeley, the ardent friend and admirer of Henry Clay, writes as follows. Who will not read it with a feeling of sorrow?

WASHINGTON, DEC. 3, 1851.

Henry Clay did not attend the sitting of yesterday and I did not see him in the Capitol to-day. But, seeing him in his own room, I was pained by his general appearance. His mind is clear, vigorous and active as ever, but his physical powers have been greatly impaired since I last before saw him. He is much thinner, looks older, and is less able to brave fatigue and exposure than he was even last March. He suffers continually from a dry hacking cough, which has eluded to and grown upon him for the last eighteen months, and sometimes causes him much distress. I do greatly fear that this is the very last session of Congress wherein his eloquent voice will be heard and his potent influence felt in the councils of the nation.

Mr. Clay's determination is fixed and unalterable, that no persuasion or entreaty shall induce him to be again a candidate for the Presidency. He feels that his earthly career is near its close, and that whatever he has had power to do for the country is nearly accomplished. Let us hope that the blessings of millions will irradiate and cheer his remaining days, and that the Bow of Promise will span and silver to his closing eye the dark waters of Death. H. G.

THE RIO GRANDE FRONTIER.—A new phase in the revolutionary movements on the other side of the Rio Grande, presents itself. The Rio Grande City correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, under date of November 22, communicates the fact that Gen. Jauregui, with a force of 550 mixed soldiers and Seminoles, and two pieces of artillery took up his quarters in the Plaza de Mer the night previous, and commenced fortifying the town. Carrizal had despatched a courier to Rio Grande City, with orders and men who might be on this side of the river, to join him at once. Gen. Carrizal marched through Camargo on the morning of the 22d with 200 cavalry and 100 infantry for Mer. He would be joined in the evening by about 200 men from Rio Grande City, Alamo and Roma. He will probably attack Jauregui in the morning.

GEN. CARRIZAL.—The Cincinnati Times referring to this individual, the present hero of the Sierra Madre war, says:—

"In 1829 we were acquainted with a slim and somewhat effeminate young man of about twenty, of a nervous temperament, and very gentle disposition, at Bethany, Virginia, the home of Bishop Alex. Campbell—who was a kind of student and worked for insight about Mr. Campbell's printing office and tindery. He had come there from Kentucky, where he had been at school. He was strong in Campbell's faith. He was a native of Northern Mexico, and wrote his name Jose Maria de Jesus Carrizal, (pronounced Jose Maria de Jesus Carrizal). He is the present hero of the Sierra Madre war."

LOLA MONTES.—This danseuse, it appears, has had considerably difficulty in procuring respectable quarters in New York. Her agent applied at the Astor, the New York, and the Irving but they were all too full to accommodate her. It is said that she found a lodgment at last at the Hotel de Paris, in Broadway. Poor Lola! Respectability seems to shun her while others, quite as frail and not half as fair, are publicly applauded, and not privately courted. The judgment of the world discriminates with a vengeance.

ELEGANT COMPARISON.—The following beautiful extract we find floating like a waif upon the waters:—

"The American Constitution.—Like one of those wondrous rocking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its centre, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, our constitution is so nicely poised that it seems to sway with every breath of passion, yet so firmly based in the hearts and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain."

CALIFORNIA MILKING.—It requires two or three men to milk a California cow. They set to work on horseback, and first lasso her, and tangle her to the ground. They tie her head to a post, and then bind her feet together tightly in pairs. One of the men holds the bucket, while another does the milking, and the terrified animal endures the process with the same docility that a cross baby exhibits while its dirty face is scrubbed. One or two quarts of milk are the result of this operation.

BE SOMETHING.—Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects; but these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such case ten to one you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it, and, having no profession, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is therefore important that you should be something.—Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence.—Trust to your own exertions.

DESOLATION.—A immigrant just arrived across the plains gives the following description of the memorable "jornado del muerto" on which so many thousands of animals and so many persons of the last year's emigration perished:—

"If there is a section of country in God's wide-extended creation that can surpass that large scope of country lying between Salt Lake Valley and Carson river for sterility of soil, severity of timber, and every thing that has a tendency to cheer up the spirits of the weary traveler, I am sure that I don't care to see it. From the sink of Humboldt river across the desert to Carson river my heart was sickened at seeing the great destruction of property, viz: wagons, carriages and buggies, dead horses, mules, and cattle whose carcasses lie thick all over the ground in a state of preservation, the skins and a good deal of the flesh being dried to the bones—the water, marshes, and air being so strongly impregnated with alkali that it has a tendency to keep off the devouring insects and birds of prey. But the worst is not half told yet; to see every two or three hundred yards a grave, where a father, mother, brother, or sister has been buried; but ere the train is out of sight the corpse is disinterred by the prowling wolf or the savage Indians—the bones to bleach upon the great American desert. Although I am rather a hardened sinner, yet when I saw the scene as just described, I could not restrain from shedding tears, and feeling myself more submissive to that mighty and powerful God who rules the universe."

KIND WORDS IN THE FAMILY.—There are few families, we imagine, any where, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or his sister, than he would care to any female, except a low vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle, than the restraints of society; and that a woman, usually, is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies, at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the hard and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

SIGN OF CHARACTER.—A man who habitually speaks disparagingly of the female character gives conclusive evidence that there is something wrong in his own, and also shows the class of females with whom he has been in the habit of associating. A true man always has a high ideal of female excellence, and cherishes it with a respect bordering on worship. We must perhaps make some allowance for old bachelors who cannot get wives.

INTERFERENCE IN SCOTLAND.—Rev. Dr. McClelland, late Professor in the Reformed Dutch Theological Seminary, at New-Brunswick, is writing a series of very interesting letters to the Christian Intelligencer, from Scotland, in one of which he says:—

"Scotland expends in one year, at least seventy-five millions of dollars in guzzling. With less than three millions of people, they expend every year double the revenue of the American Government—drink more than would support a hundred thousand missionaries, and more than would raise her whole Gaelic population from misery and degradation, with millions to spare."

Stephen Hall, a queer genius, had made frequent promises to his troubled friend, that he would put an end to himself. One stinging cold night, he vowed he would go out and freeze to death.

About 11 o'clock he returned shivering and snapping his fingers.

"Why don't you freeze?" asked a loving relative.

"Golly," said the pseudo-philosopher, "when I freeze I mean to take a warmer night than this for it."

BUSINESS IN SACRAMENTO.—A writer in the Transcript says:—"Twenty-seven merchants on J street are now to the writers knowledge proposing to leave for the States upon the ground that business is overdone here."

HENRY CLAY.—The Russellville Herald of the 10th says:

By private information received from Washington, we understand that Mr. Clay has determined to resign his seat in the Senate—his resignation to take effect at no distant day.

EPITAPH ON POOR MR. PECK.

Here lies a Peck, as some men say, Was first of all a Peck of clay; This wrought, with skill divine, while trash Became a curious Peck of flesh; Through various forms its Maker ran, Then, adding breath, made Peck a man, Full sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles, 'Till death relieved a Peck of troubles. Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must, And here he lies a Peck of dust.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

SCENE—A QUACK DOCTOR'S SHOP.

Bolus.—Sammy, my boy.

Sam.—Here, thir.

Bolus.—Are the pills ready?

Sam.—What, them little marbleth?

Bolus.—Marbles?

Sam.—Yeth, them little pee-weeth.

Bolus.—Peweees! Sammy.

Sam.—I mean them little brown bread shot.

Bolus.—(With dignity).—Sammy them is pills, pills of my own invention. They are intended to physic the whole of this free, enlightened and sickly republic.—They will make my fortune, and your'n too, if you only roll 'em out good, and do as I tell you. Does the brown bread hold out?

Sam.—Yeth a most, sir.

Bolus.—Well, throw in more sawdust. Sawdust is an innocent medicine. Sammy, what's your other name?

Sam.—Thawbouth, thir.

Bolus.—You are rightly named. I saw bones when I saw you. You ought to be a surgeon.

Sam.—A thurgeon, what ith that, thur?

Bolus.—A man who saves bones that he may see his daily bread. His life is a regular game of seesaw. He gets on his legs by taking other people's off. A doctor is a different animal. I make well folks sick, and sick folks sicker. At any rate they get sick of their bargain, if they trade with me.

Sam.—Herth the paper, thir.

Bolus.—Ah! that's the journal that publishes my advertisement. Ahem! "The Luppental Hoppergrass and County Market Catcher, a gazette sacrificed to Shore and Sea, Meat, Drink, Physic, Poetry, and the Moral Degradation of Man." "Solomon Bolus, M. D., D. D., Double D. Stilled L. M. N. O. P. Q. R., does most respectfully and miscellaneous chloroform his fellow countrymen that he is rough and ready to cure all diseases, whether in the head, neck, arms, trunk, chest, legs, toes, or imagination, in large or small doses at a moment's notice. Sign of the Mortar—Call immediately. Fire! Fire! Fire! Health is wealth. N. B. No connection with the sounder like advertising."

[Enter Mr. and Mrs. Withershanks.]

Mrs. W.—Is this the potecary's shop of Dr. Boreas?

Bolus.—I have the tormenting pleasure and hypocritical honor of being Dr. Bolus, druggist and apothecary, at your most dilapidated service.

Mrs. W.—This appears to be a fine spoken young man.

Bolus.—Adam, your most inferior! It is always my desire to be highfaluting. Ahem! pray be seated. (In taking seats, they fall.)

Mrs. W.—Oh, Moses in the meadow grass.

Mrs. W.—My stars, I vow my Mr. Withershanks, I do believe to man I'm broke all to pieces.

Bolus.—I beg your most execrable pardons. There—there. (They are seated, after some grunting.)

Mrs. W.—Doctor Bowlegs, will your pills do us any good, think ye?

Bolus.—Let me try your pulse. Serious cases! red headed and double jointed muligrubs. Mr. Withershanks, you won't live till you die.

Mrs. W.—Massy sakes alive! Who'd a thought of?

Mrs. W.—Dr. Doelegs, see what is the matter of me.

Bolus.—You, Mrs. Shivershanks, have a ruffled polyanthus and squareroed measles. I see, by knocking you on the head, there's nothing there. You are troubled in the torrid zone and circumelubus. You feel a sort of all overitchiness.

Mrs. W.—Yes, that I do.

Bolus.—No time is to be lost. Sammy Sawbones! Here Sam! Fetch me two groce of Anti-Fizzzy-wizzzy—Ritadumdy Bombshells. You must take two boxes, each, after every meal. Bury the boxes and snuff the smoke. Double the dose every three days.

Mrs. W.—Precious, precious stuff!—What's the price?

Bolus.—A trifle, \$10 a groce—no charge for boxes. In less than a few spells you will be a well man and so will your wife.

[Enter Mr. and Mrs. W.]

[Enter Dr. Squills, Siah Smally, Laura Laurewater, and Cesar Snatchall.]

Here comes old Dr. Squills, my rival.—Good morning, Squills! What has shaken you up this morning? Permit me to say, without flattering, that you are a dose I can't stomach. Bah!

Squills.—Infatuated Bolus! You are standing on a precipice.

Bolus.—Superannuated Squills! It's no such thing. I'm in my own shop.—The Magazine of Health and Medical Arsenal of Useful Medicines.

Squills.—(Coughing) Dr. Bolus! The spirits of your over-dosed victims rise in judgment against you.

Bolus.—Squills! There ain't enough of you left to keep you from coughing. As for your victims, you did 'em so thorough, that they hav'n't got any spirits. Bah! Squills! Bah!

Squills.—Bolus, I must say your system so operates on the arcana of auricular verbiage, as to derange the fundamental roots of superhuman science. Here are my witnesses, Siah, Laura and Cesar, please to testify!

Laura.—I read in your advertisement that you could cure everything.

Bolus.—So I can, my dear Miss Laurewater, and more too.

Laura.—My St. Liguum Vite dance is as lively as ever.

Bolus.—Persevere, my dear, and take the Vesuvius Linctament.

Siah.—Well, you'd better fork over the tin I give y'r for the Infalible Maltese Rais-bane. Want no cust, whatsomever.—Instead of killing the varmin, the taral cravers like it, and eat it all up. They think it's a reg'lar titbit. 'S banous' good as a Thanksgiving dinner tew 'em. Toasted cheese is a feat tew it. So shell out.

Bolus.—Persevere, Siah, persevere. Buy

more, buy more. It'll kill 'em sure.—They'll die, by and by.

Siah.—Yeth, of old age. I shan't dew it. 'S bid enough tew her 'em, without giving 'em a reg'lar feed.

Cesar.—Look-a-look-a-heah, Massa Bolus. Deterre hair powder you sole dis chile, for de fashionable pic-nic ob de people ob color, made 'em itch so, dat dey clean out all de wool out, and now everybody's head look just like a baked later!

Bolus.—Cesar, shet pan! Miss Laura and Mr. Siah, Smally and Laurewater, allow me to speak. Dr. Squills, here, don't know no more about the science of physic than put your head in a barrel and take it right out again. I sh'd like to know, would he graduate, I sh'd like to know, foolly well.

Squills.—(Coughs) I, sir, Miss Siah, and Nigger, graduated at the renowned and learned University of Codmouth, where the students know so much, that they have to keep their mouths wide open, to keep their heads from bursting.

Siah.—(Aside.) Reg'lar cabbage heads, I guess.

Bolus.—My diploma is three quarters of a yard long. It is signed by all the doctors of iniquity. It says that I am one of 'em, and graduated at the infantile age of twenty-one, at the everlasting, right honorable, never-to-be-forgotten and double-breasted College of Bombazillitome. The Professors there scratch all the hair off their heads in finding out puzzles and the students study by the square mile. Can you answer me this? What's the difference between a fit of sickness and a sick fit ofness? Is a mare a horse? Why is the physical system liable to a system of physic? All this is catamount to what we say in Latin, at Bombazillitome. "Thecup hack a hogum into sassage, pork-stakum de pig's feet de ram jam non possum de Squilbus is a humbug argal de Bolus de physician!" Go, Squills, be boiled up. Go all of you and study, and then you will know nearly as a much as I do. If not, you will be poorly off. Good bye, and sickness attend you. Keep on taking the medicine!

Every person conceives himself able to make his own will; it is as easy as writing a letter; yet the disputes and lawsuits which arise out of wills prove the difficulty of the task.

Hyman was a beautiful youth of Athens who, for the love of a young virgin, disguised himself, and assisted at the Eleusinian rites, and at this time he, together with his beloved and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates, who supposing him to be what he appeared, lodged him with his mistress.—In the dead of night, when the robbers were all asleep, he rose and cut their throats. Thence making his way back to Athens, he bargained with her parents that he would restore to them their daughter and all her companions, if they would consent to their marriage, which proving very happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hyman at all nuptials.

LAWYERS.—It is stated in the Law Register for 1852, that the whole number of lawyers in the United States is twenty four thousand nine hundred and forty-eight. Of this number, suppose 915 have retired from the practice, and that the annual income of each practicing lawyer is on an average \$1,500, the total income of the whole profession, would be \$36,000,000.

"'TIS BETTER AS IT IS."—The host of us are so imbued with prejudices, and have so many faulty points of character that it is far better that we do not "see ourselves as others see us." This wish of Burns was founded on the supposition that the judgment of others about us was correct. But no two judge alike, and others are quite as apt to form as wrong estimates of us, as we do ourselves, or of them. And even were the judgments of others correct regarding us, to be informed of them would be more painful than pleasing or beneficial. Our vanity would be so terribly wounded in a thousand points, that the anguish would eternally be alive, no matter what good points we had credit for. Byron, though noble, famous, rich, beautiful and gifted, was made morbidly sensitive, and miserable, by his foot.

ECONOMY.—Economy is a most useful trait in the character of man or beast. The superior sagacity of a dog over a pig, leads the former to hide away bones for a hungry day, while the stupid pig swills his full and takes no thought of the morrow, often upsetting his own trough—wasteful, prodigal beast. Let us imitate the example of the lady at the South End, who was called upon, in justice to herself and her country, to drink a cupful of senna tea. By misadventure a pint bowlful was made, and rather than be wasteful, she drank the whole of it.—Conderate.

In a late work on suicide, it is said that marriage is to a certain extent a prevention of suicide. It has been satisfactorily established that, among men, two-thirds who destroy themselves are bachelors.

HAPPINESS NOT IN CIRCUMSTANCES.—Some men ascribe all their unhappiness to the narrowness of their means; but place them in the immediate enjoyment of all that enters within the circle of their present hopes and desires, and they will no sooner have entered on the enrapturing possession, than new hopes and desires will begin to manifest themselves. You cannot place a man in such a situation that he will not look above it and beyond it; give him the whole of this world, and, like the hero of Macedon, he will inquire for another.